

Heirs

by katerosel3

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Summary: Being Heirs to different tribes can't keep them apart.

Adult!Hiccup and Cami. Based on the books, with a little cross-over for Astrid. I own nothing. Please read and review!

1. Chapter 1

**Okay, here is my first attempt at a multi-chapter fanfiction. Obviously, I own nothing. All the characters and settings belong to Cressida Cowell. Please, read and review! I'll put up chapter two soon. **

Chapter One:

Hiccup eyed the small woman before him. When had Camicazi changed? And when had he started noticing her curves and her smile andâ€”He shook his head furiously. He couldn't be thinking that about his best friend. It would just ruin everything.

"Oi! Hiccup!" she shouted, bringing him back from wherever his mind had wandered.

"Yeah?" he asked.

"Gonna help me or what? Of course, I wouldn't expect a boy like yourself to be able to do anything," Cami said with a grin. Hiccup rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, moving forward to give her a hand in tying up the ship, noting how dainty she really was. It had been nearly ten years since they'd first experienced Fort Sinister together, nine since they'd gone to Hysteria.

"Hiccup! Where are you?" Cami exclaimed, snapping her fingers in front of his face.

"Sorry. Just thinking," Hiccup said. Cami rolled her eyes.

"Just like a boy," she stated. Hiccup smiled. "Say, how about we go to that cove?"

"Sounds okay to me," Hiccup agreed. He knew Cami loved the cove, and was glad that he'd shown it to her. He took her hand, hoping she wouldn't notice the blush forming on his cheeks.

His father had been hounding him to find a wife. After all, an Heirless chief was hardly worth anything and Snotlout had already married Astrid. Hiccup had to agree with his father, but he hadn't found a suitable woman yet. He wanted someone who would think for herself, which, granted, all Viking women did, but there had to be a thirst for adventure in her that perfectly matched his own thirst for staying indoors, away from danger. He wanted his opposite. Which, unfortunately for him, was his best friend Camicazi.

"And then I took my sword and ran him through!" Cami was saying excitedly. Hiccup smiled. He'd never met a more blood-thirsty Viking except Snotlout. They'd reached the cove by this point and Hiccup was suddenly extremely nervous.

"Hiccup?" Cami asked with concern. She knew him too well to miss that he was nervous.

"C-Cami," he stuttered. She sat down on a rock and tucked a strand of blonde hair behind her ear.

"Yeah?"

"I have something to tell you," he stammered. "As you know, the time to find a wife is now, according to my father." Cami's eyes went wide.

"No," she whispered. "Hiccup, stop." Hiccup winced, but kept going.

"And I want to ask you," he said. "Will you, uh, marry me?"

Silence fell in the cove as Cami's cheeks turned bright red. Hiccup looked away from her, waiting for the rejection. Cami stood and walked to him, raising a right arm. Hiccup turned back to face her just in time to feel her hand colliding with his face.

"Just like a boy to go and complicate things," she growled. Hiccup avoided her eyes as he reached up to cup his cheek. Cami's hand slid over his own and the other caressed his left cheek. "But maybe that's why I keep you around."

Hiccup barely had time to react before she was kissing him and his free hand wrapped around her waist instinctively while the other moved from his cheek to cup the back of her head. He pulled away after a moment and leaned his forehead against hers.

"So, is that a yes?" he asked, breathless from the kiss. Cami chuckled.

"That, Dunderbrain, is a yes," she replied. Hiccup grinned as a nagging thought rose to mind. He merely pushed it away as he looked

upon Camicazi, Heir to the Bog-Burglars, swordfighter extraordinaire, and now fianc   to Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, Heir to the Hairy Hooligans.

2. Chapter 2

****Sorry this took forever. Life caught up with me. But here is chapter two of "Heirs"! Thank you guys so much for the reviews from before. As previously stated, I do not own any of the characters or anything like that. That all belongs to the lovely Cressida Cowell. Read and review please, and enjoy!****

Chapter Two:

"Hiccup the Useless," Snotlout teased as he strolled by with a very pregnant Astrid. Hiccup scowled.

"Snotface," he greeted.

"Looks like I'm close to producing an Heir than you," Snotlout sneered. "After all, it's clear which one of us is Chief material." Hiccup kept quiet. He needed to talk to Stoick about the engagement before he could announce it. He walked past the smithy and into his house.

Stoick was sitting by the fire, mumbling to himself. Although Hiccup was now twenty-two years old, he still cowered before his dad. He'd grown, but he was still a stick compared to the Chief of the Hairy Hooligans.

"Hey, dad," Hiccup said, taking a seat across from his father.

"Son," Stoick acknowledged.

"I wanna talk to you," Hiccup stated, not daring to look at his father.

"Is this about the marriage thing?"

Hiccup paused, gathering his wits. "I found, uh, I found a wife," he said haltingly. "She's, uh, well  ya see, the thing is  "

"Why haven't you brought her 'round?" Stoick boomed, standing. He was relieved his son had finally found someone to put up with his . . . strangeness.

"Well, ya see, she's not from this tribe," Hiccup admitted. Stoick looked slightly taken aback.

"I admit, that's a little unorthodox," Stoick said. "What tribe?"

"She's. . .the Heir to the Bog Burglars."

The smile that had found its way onto Stoick's face slowly faded. Hiccup watched his father nervously. He knew that his dad knew about his Bog Burglar best friend. Hiccup also knew his father didn't really approve.

"Well," Stoick finally said. "You can't marry her anyway. You're Heirs to two different tribes, Hiccup. Why would you think you could be married to a Bog Burglar?" Hiccup stood up, although he was much shorter than Stoick and standing made no difference.

"There's no law that say I can't marry outside our tribe," Hiccup said, glaring at his father.

"Hiccup, she's the Heir to a different tribe!" Stoick yelled. "It can never work!"

"Then I'll give up my claim to Chief," Hiccup answered. "I'm not the son you wanted anyway. Give the damn position to Snotlout. Everyone knows he's the better Viking."

"You are not giving up your position," Stoick stated.

"And I'm not giving up Cami," Hiccup replied. Stoick stared at his son. When had Hiccup grown into such a headstrong Viking?

Hiccup stared at his father, unwilling to bend. He'd asked for so little in life. All he wanted was to live up to his father's expectations and that hadn't happened. So he decided to make his own lucky, and not to care anymore.

"I could banish you," Stoick said in a low voice.

"You could. I wouldn't stop you," Hiccup answered, not budging. He didn't know why this meant so much to him. Stoick just voiced the very concern he'd had when he asked her to marry him. He didn't know how he'd make it work, just that he would. He'd survived too many close calls to give up on this.

Stoick looked at his son, taking a moment before sitting back down. "We'll discuss this later," he finally said, ending the conversation. Hiccup shook his head and walked upstairs to his room, sitting down at his desk. He lowered his head into his hands and sighed. He needed to think of something and soon.

End
file.